

F

5S2



Class

F. —

Book

— F. —









1042

227

# AMSTERDAM.

## A Poem,

By HORACE SPRAGUE.  
"

---

A chaplet friendship to entwine for thee,  
To hang a garland on the cypress tree;  
Loved scenes unnoticed and neglected long,  
To honor, consecrate and give to sing;  
This be our task.

---

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.  
PRINTED AT THE "RECORDER" OFFICE.  
1860.

TO

THE PEOPLE OF AMSTERDAM,

THE FOLLOWING

EDWIN

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

## INTRODUCTORY.

---

WITHOUT any pretension to high poetic excellence, without hoping for these reminiscences more than a local interest, the Author gives this brief Poem to the public, at the request of his friends and former pupils in Amsterdam, relying on their indulgence to overlook defects, and if they find any thing erroneous or offensive, to forgive it.

To weave these pleasant memories of other years into verse, was the work of a season of painful confinement by sickness, and served to lighten its heavy hours, and to waken grateful emotions to Him who had so mercifully kept his footsteps through life's various changes.

The writer of this article ventures to add to the notes appended to this Poem, a brief sketch respecting one, whose labors during many years of ardent and devoted service, have not been exceeded by those of any other individual in forming the character of the inhabitants of this village, to say nothing of the many who have borne the fruits of his intellectual and moral training into other fields of labor.

HORACE SPRAGUE was born in Mayfield, in the then county of Montgomery, N. Y., August 1, 1793. He came to Amsterdam in 1821, where he continued in the business of teaching, most of the time in the Academy, till 1838. A record of the many young men he fitted for College, and for the active business of life, and of the young ladies trained for the spheres they have been called to occupy, would form an interesting chapter in our local statistics. The faithful teacher, in holding a firm but salutary check over the waywardness of youth, necessarily encounters, sometimes, the opposition of the undisciplined will. But there are few instances where the reflection and experience of maturer years will not satisfy him that the restrictions, or it may be the correction, which, at the time, he deemed severe, was in accordance with the law of kindness.

Mr. Sprague was of that class of teachers, (may the number be greatly increased) who hold pecuniary advantage and personal ease, subordinate to an ardent and untiring desire for the pupil's welfare and advancement—who find enjoyment in the school room because the heart is in the work—who will forego food and sleep to elucidate a problem or fix a principle.

From 1838 to 1842 he had charge of the Kingsborough Academy, and four years, from 1842 to 1846, he was Principal of the Academy at Union Village, Washington county. He then returned to his former field, and continued in charge of the Kingsborough Academy till 1857, when on account of declining health, he resigned the

cares and responsibilities of the school-room, and since then has been occupied with such literary and other labors as the state of his health has permitted. In 1859 he wrote and published a Poem entitled "*Gloversville*," in a neat volume of 130 pages, including the Appendix, and during the past winter, while confined within doors by sickness, he has written the Poem herewith presented to the public.

X. II.

AMSTERDAM, March 29, 1860.

## AMSTERDAM---A POEM.

---

PLEASANT to roam the varied scenes among,  
Of loved familiar haunts, when life was young :  
Pleasant the bonds of friendship to renew,  
And blest to find our friends unchanged and true ;  
Yet sad and sorrowful to dwell upon  
The memory of those beloved and gone.  
A chaplet, Friendship, to entwine for thee,  
To hang a garland on the cypress tree ;  
Loved scenes unnoticed and neglected long,  
To honor, consecrate, and give to song,—  
This be our task ; which if you well approve,  
'T will crown our labor—for 'tis one of love.

Fair on those hills above and plains below,  
Unrival'd scenes of bloom and beauty show ;  
Yet first to catch the eye of all beside,  
The "mighty Mohawk" rolls its swelling tide. (a)  
Mohawk, though on thy shores no bugle-blast  
Wakes the hush'd echoes of a glorious past ;  
Though in thy vales no fame of victories won,  
Speaks an Arbela or a Marathon ;  
Or mouldering towers or castellated steep,  
Broad o'er thy waters their dark shadows sweep ;

Nor, beetling o'er thy heights, in ruin lower  
The blasted monuments of lawless power ;  
What tho' with mystic spells thy conjured name  
Revives no memories of classic fame,  
Crowning thy haunts with glories everywhere,  
Like Tiber, Arno and Eurotas fair ?  
Yet worthier honors crown and hallow thee,  
Haunt of free thought and home of Liberty.

With time coeval and the circling sun  
Strong and uncheck'd thy restless course has run ;  
Down the dark vale to Hudson's brighter floods,  
Fair mirroring on thy breast th' incumbent woods,  
And giving back, in all their varying dyes,  
The gay, fantastic drapery of the skies.  
Now calmly rests thy waters' smooth expanse,  
Now lapse thy waves—now in swift eddies dance ;  
And now a plunging cataract they foam,  
As if in haste to gain their Ocean home.  
Rich are the tones of thy majestic fall,  
And though perpetual, they never pall.  
Each note of melody discoursing still,  
From the soft murmur to the clarion thrill,  
Throughout God's meted round of centuries,  
With no appreciating eye or ear but His ;  
As if of all His works it were his will  
*That part should wear its primal glories still.*  
And yet not all unmuted has thy flow  
Flashed its bright course, from ages long ago ;  
For round thy shores, in mountain, plain or glen,  
The red man roved—the forest's denizen,

Whose wigwam smoked along thy banks, and through  
Thy sparkling waters glanced his bark canoe ;  
Around, above, the woods, the air was rife  
With being jubilant with very life ;  
Beasts roamed at will, birds wing'd their flight unscared  
And with the red man joint possession shared ;  
Nor this comprised their heritage and reign,  
But boundless realms, the half of earth's domain.  
A continent was left a wilderness—  
God's love of varied being to express,  
Who for th' instinctive and the irrational,  
Long subsidized this vast area all ;  
And left to Nature's influence to bear  
The myriad tribes, to sustentate and rear.  
Where safe from cultured man, their being's foe,  
Life should be joy to live—a bliss to know.  
To lower Natures thus to minister,  
Shows God the same to all in every sphere :  
And satisfied with love's all glorious plan.  
Without the crown of His creation—man.

But Time revolving brought the world to see  
The modern Exodus from tyranny ;  
By persecution driven from Fatherland,  
Behold the wave-toss'd noble Pilgrim band !  
Who, heaven-directed, brought to safe abodes,  
Their freighted treasures and their household gods ;  
Others, of various country, race and creed,  
Co-sufferers from time to time succeed,  
Till the broad empire of the mighty West  
Was hail'd “the refuge of the world's oppress'd.”

Whose balmy air all redolent of health,  
Whose fertile soil, a mine of natural wealth,  
Awoke the love of enterprise and gain,  
And brought adventurous thousands o'er the main.  
Soon cultured tracts appear and smile around,  
Fair cities rise and villages abound ;  
The advancing wave of population spreads,  
Where novelty attracts or interest leads,  
And with augmenting force it surges on,  
Till a whole realm has been subdued and won.  
Here on thy banks, fair Mohawk, first we trace  
The footprints of the hardy Belgic race.  
Whom Nature dower'd with many a worthy gift,  
And not the least with honesty and thrift.  
Their habits, customs, manners, and so forth,  
With all their claims to excellency and worth,  
Are, with all gravity, described, we see,  
In Deidrick Knickerbocker's history ;  
How that their vrows were matrons number first  
All in and out to scrub and scour and dust ;  
That all their wares of pewter and of brass  
Were burnished brighter than the looking-glass ;  
How that the scrub-broom, plied three times a day,  
More than by treading wore their floors away ;  
And how in horror of untidy feet,  
Their sanctums to preserve, they scrub'd the street.  
And of Mynheers themselves the tale to tell,  
How they contrived their burly bulk to swell,  
The pipes they smoked, what muddled liquors quaff'd,  
The stale and vapid wit, at which they laughed ;

Their wondrous stories from traditions old,  
Of spooks and bogles and of goblins bold ;  
How drunken tapsters, the big duyvel saw  
Astride the barrels when they went to draw,  
How midnight roysterers, on their reeling side,  
Saw headless horsemen gallop at their side,  
Who now assault their front, and now their rear  
Till at the churchyard gate they disappear.  
How Hendrick Hudson's flying ship is seen,  
Nightly careering, fill'd with doughty men,  
Holding its course above the Tappan sea ;  
With sails all set, and bound for Albany ;  
And yet no port it touches, here or there,  
And never ships or lands a passenger ;  
Thus Knickerbocker, in facetious style,  
Burlesques the Dutch, to win his reader's smile.  
But other need than this the truth requires :  
Nor shall the muse withhold what truth inspires.

An honor'd lineage theirs, a worthy race,  
Whose hearts were truth's abode and honor's place,  
Who all the social virtues cherished dear,  
Faithful in friendship and in honor clear ;  
Guileless themselves no fraud in others deem'd,  
But giving confidence where virtue seem'd ;  
Their generous Natures often led to find  
Their faith abused, were trusting, still and kind ;  
For goodness spite of wrong and guileful arts  
Aye throbs impulsive, in ingenuous hearts.  
This be their honor'd need while time shall be—  
Their simple truth and sterling honesty.

In Mohawk's vale they long abode in peace,  
Content with toil their substance to increase,  
Improvement wax'd apace on every hand,  
And bloom and varied fruitage crowned the land.  
Amid the rustic dwellings scatter'd round  
The palace of Guy Park the landscape crowned ; (b)  
And flanked with hills that stooped the plain to meet  
Rose Johnson Hall, his favorite retreat ;  
Where was dispensed spontaneous and free,  
Sir William's princely hospitality.  
At length the peaceful scene is overcast—  
Sweeps thro' the vale a wild tornado's blast ;  
War's thunderclouds deep, dark, are hanging o'er,  
The lightnings flash, the blood-dyed torrents pour.  
And what the fate these dwellers doom'd to share  
To peaceful arts inured, unskill'd in war ;  
Thus summon'd forth to ward, in battle's shock,  
The bloody knife and murderous tomahawk ;  
Their flocks forsaken and their fields untill'd  
Their dwellings wrapt in flames—with slaughter fill'd ;  
Sons, daughters, wives from their embraces torn—  
Victims of lingering death or captives borne ;  
Their homes despoil'd their altars desecrate,  
Say, what shall snatch them from the brink of fate ?  
Thy form, O, vengeance, rose the carnage through  
And where a man survived, a hero grew.  
Oppression's hosts were check'd and driven back  
Purpling with their own gore their bloody track.  
The rout was total and the strife was done—  
To chase a thousand freedom asks but one.

The storms of war all over, past and gone,  
Men hail'd of peace the cheerful comings on ;  
Trades, arts and tillage, stagnant in war's strife,  
Upsprang, as if by magic, into life.  
Improvement's busy hand is seen again,  
Culturing to beauty, valley, hill and plain.  
And thou, fair Mohawk, mirror'd in thy breast  
As lovely scenes as "Araby, the blest."  
Thy shores by war made desolate and waste,  
The peaceful Arts again with beauty graced ;  
Where o'er thy gorgeous landscapes spread, were seen  
Rich cultured fields flower'd meads and pastures green.  
And lovely to the view the farm-house rose—  
The home of toil and innocent repose :  
Where tributary streams, from south or north,  
Wedded thy waters, villages had birth.  
Foster'd by rivalry and Nature both,  
These early sprang into a vigorous growth ;  
Studding thy fertile banks, now, score by score,  
They've risen to various ranks of wealth and power,  
But queen among them all, thou bear'st the palm,  
Our own and cherish'd village, AMSTERDAM. (c)

If features regular and symmetrical  
Must form the *ensemble* that we beauty call,  
If, to be perfect deem'd, the age must trace,  
In all their contour, every line of grace,  
We make no claims, such qualities may be  
With weakness link'd and imbecility.  
Though grace and beauty hold an envied sphere,  
Strength, the true basis is of character ;

On which whatever qualities we build  
Utility must aye the structure gild.  
Which from adaption fitted to produce  
Convenience, benefit, advantage, use,  
Shows an array of more substantial charms  
Than grace embellishes or beauty warms.  
These be the dower of thrifty enterprize,  
Such as in Amsterdam we realize.  
By Chuetanunda's headlong, fitful tide  
The beauteous village rises in its pride,  
Broadens its presence on the rugged hills  
And sweeping thro' the plain the landscape fills.  
Lifts its fair form, the ambient skies to greet  
While Mohawk's flowing waters bathe its feet.  
What more it is, or what it yet may be,  
We pause to trace its early history,  
And brief relate, as truthful annals show  
Its humble fortunes, sixty years ago.

Lone and sequester'd here a hamlet stood,  
Named Veddersburg—the men of Belgic blood ;  
A quiet people as we've sung or said,  
To honest toil and humble virtues bred ;  
Vedder, DeGraff, Marselis, Vanderveer, (*d*)  
TenEyck, Groat, Osterhout, we mention here ;  
And others, if recorded, would reveal  
Faithful co-laborers for the general weal.  
But came at length their prospects to deface  
The Yankee tribe, a restless, wandering race ;  
Not border ruffians, sure, a baffled band,  
But with successful raid, they took the land.

These honest dwellers never thinking ill  
And none suspecting, welcomed with a will  
This new accession to their thriving state  
For leisurely repentence when too late.  
Their kindness fail'd for once, its fruits to win ;  
They took the strangers, and were taken in.  
To eateh a Tartar means, you doubtless know,  
That you yourself are caught and he won't go.  
And thus theso Dutchmen to their quiet home  
Fancied the duyvel and his imps had come.  
A Hoosier self-described—a fierce Bardolph,  
Half horse, half alligator, spiced with wolf,  
And Paddy's brogue, his bulls and blundering wit,  
A careless touch or random stroke will hit :  
But for a Yankee, words tho' marshal'd well  
Find no similitude or parallel.  
Though Vandals we could paint, or Huns or Celts,  
Yankees meant Yankees then, and nothing else.  
Whatever callings nurtured in and bred,  
Their forte lay in the labors of the head ;  
And since all servile toil they scorn'd to brook,  
To bargains, traffic, trade, they mostly took,  
And proved themselves a class of plunderers  
Whom moderns call "successful financiers."  
Nothing they deem'd too small or great of course  
Whether to swap a jackknife, or a horse ;  
On smallest gains intent, and ever willing,  
To give twelve cents in change to get a shilling.  
And always ready, in a business way,  
Of settling debts with "promises to pay."

A bargain to achieve, how sharp their wit!  
How hard they whittled, and how fierce they spit,  
Lying their way to ten pounds or a penny,  
Their consciences on furlough, if they'd any.  
How Yankee manners suited most Mynheers]  
Of character and substance hence appears.  
One of this class with fortune satisfied;  
These bold new comers harass'd most and tried;  
To sell his house and farm, and what was worse,  
Teased over-much to sell a favorite horse—  
“What, sell mine house and farm—you tink I'll die  
And never want ‘em? Dat is one big lie;”  
And then while fiercer anger clouds his brow,  
“I sell mine horse? I'd rather sell mine vrow.”

---

But not to tire or farther to rehearse  
Tradition's dubious tales in prosy verse;  
That these two races may receive their due  
Of praise or censure, each pertaining to,  
One, honest, simple, credulous, sincere,  
And one all opposite in character;  
If you are doubtful how the two to class,  
Just read the story of the “Yankee Pass.”  
But must these pioneers be counted then  
To represent all true New Englend men?  
This refuse and offscouring of their land  
Of all it was, the just exponents stand?  
No: for among themselves tradition shows  
Many for worth distinguished, these from those;

The memory of whom has ceased to be  
Lost in the general notoriety.  
And farther still, of those fair ingle sides,  
Where genius nestles and where truth abides,  
Where honor dwells, where every virtue blooms,  
Those happy Puritan New England homes ;  
Hence flow'd the streams with which our Belgic blood  
Consociate and mingled was imbued.  
Thus from a double ancestry we trace  
The honor'd lineage of a virtuous race.  
Nor least have Scotland's sons a vested claim  
With these to share their heritage and fame ;  
Whose sterling qualities have here given birth  
To much of mental wealth and moral worth.

Long was the time before the era rose  
Of railroads and canals, when light batteaux  
With snowy sails on Mohawk's bosom show'd,  
And six-horse wagons trail'd the turnpike road.  
T'was then and here the rural village stood  
Whose dwellers were a worthy brotherhood ;  
Whose common wants and common interests blend,  
Co-working to attain a common end ;  
And plant the germs upspringing soon to tower—  
The vigorous growth of social wealth and power.  
Intent the highest good should be their rule,  
They build the village church, the village school.  
(Mark where such dwellers make their firm abode  
Both preacher and school-master are abroad.)  
That old brown school-house, dear to memory still,  
Stood eastwardly upon yon rising hill ;

With scatter'd trees around and near a wood,  
In calm, sequester'd, needful solitude.  
O, blissful period ! when, untaught to roam  
Beyond our pleasant school and happy home,  
Our conscious hearts and guileless natures prove  
A father's guardian care, a mother's love.  
In childhood's reign of pastime, glee and mirth,  
Heaven seems to rest but just above the earth ;  
For sure we breathe its rich, ambrosial air,  
And Eden's beauties blossom, everywhere.  
How jocundly we hail'd the sunny spring,  
The gay green fields, the early blossoming  
Of that first flower, in childhood we behold,  
The dandelion with its crown of gold ;  
The violets too, of various tinted dyes,  
For beauty and for fragrance less a prize,  
Than for the game of roosters which we play'd  
In some snug nook beneath the willow shade.  
Full oft we rov'd, the fragrant meadows thro',  
For clover blossoms full of honey'd dew,  
And the ripe strawberry's luscious sweets express'd—  
Of Summer's fruitage earliest and best.  
Or chased the butterflies, those wondrous things,  
That birdlings seem'd, or breathing flowers with wings ;  
Or when beside the running brook we stray'd  
And listen'd to the music that it made,  
It seem'd upon our simple hearts impress'd  
That a live, breathing spirit heaved its breast.  
Thus free from every care and free from rule,  
We spent the pleasant intervals of school.

The teacher was a man of cultured powers,  
From classic walks of Academic bowers,  
Skillful alike and happy to impart  
To young and old the treasures of his Art ;  
Shepard his name and his disciples proved  
Him a good *shepherd* worthy to be loved.  
Not stern, but earnest, firm, yet gentle still,  
He temper'd rule with love which love did well fulfil.  
But time, at length, reveal'd, as years roll'd on,  
The flock forsaken and the Shepard gone.  
How worth survives, in young hearts, sanctified,  
. Their sorrows spake it when the good man died.

That hall of Science on the village green,  
Enclosed, in trees embower'd—a cheerful scene.  
Minus a wing, one story and a bell,  
Was once the village tavern or hotel.  
A lion graced the sign, that swung at will,  
Fit symbol of the power within—to kill.  
Wagons and coaches in bizarre array,  
The broad area crowd and choke the way ;  
Stage drivers, rough and idle loiterers throng  
The motley group of travelers among.  
Of public travel then, the only mode  
Was that by stages on the turnpike road,  
And thronging emigrants were all in quest  
Of some dream'd El Dorado of the West.  
These were the palmy days of tavern lords,  
Of stage proprietors and large awards ;  
When every mile disclosed a tavern stand  
And the supply scarce equal'd the demand.

Stage owners and landlords were counted then  
Among our wealthies', most substantial men,  
And little dream'd they of the coming day,  
When railroads and canals should bear the sway ;  
Or ever thought that they should look upon  
Their occupation, like Othello's, gone.  
A tavern home, (once ours, as well we ken,)  
The earthly paradise of single men :  
Free from all care, content and at our ease  
To stay, to go, to come whene'er we please ;  
To have our table spread with sumptuous fare,  
And all supplied without our thought or care ;  
To have each wish met cheerfully the while,  
And every service render'd with a smile ;  
To feel our value in the joy we give,  
At each return—the sorrow, when we leave ;  
In whatsoe'er we wish, to have our will,  
And only ask'd, in turn *'o foot the bill* ;  
What wonder, then, if many should prefer  
The independent life of bachelor ?  
Yet 'tis a wrongful evil to endure,  
And which no nostrum yet avails to cure.  
Now 'tis our confident and firm belief  
There's but one remedy can give relief,  
To quell the bachelors you understand :  
Burn every inn and hotel in the land,  
And thus, fair maids the fugitives can win  
And a new era of the world begin.

Those were the times the era of strong drink  
Ere men had learn'd *et* temperance to think ;

When rum was deem'd by all, by all agreed  
As God's good creature and a common need ;  
When men could touch the borders of excess  
And never dream it snarek'd of drunkenness,  
If having guzzled to their full content,  
They stagger'd not or zigzag'd as they went ;  
When none incur'd the drunkard's deep disgrace,  
Until the gutter form'd their lodg'ing place.  
Of the unfortunates, all dead and gone,  
The history is sad to dwell upon.  
And thou Orlando, once by all allow'd,  
With noble qualities and gifts endow'd,  
In morals pure, of upright character,  
And winning honors in thy chosen sphere ;  
Stung by the serpent of the insidious cup  
Thou felt'st the withering of every hope,  
Laid on the bed of death, no more to rise,  
Soul-pierced, we saw thy untold agonies,  
Those ashy lips, that wild distracted stare,  
Told of the woe within—the scorpion there ;  
Delirium's phantasies had fill'd the room  
With fiends that rush'd to drag thee to thy doom ;  
When with a fearful shriek, as of the accurst,  
From its investing clay, thy spirit burst.  
O, saddest fate, to him of mortal birth  
Whose doom retributive begins an earth !  
As for the rest, let them forgotten lie,  
While silence best proclaims our charity.  
And yet the portraiture of crazy Jim  
While harming no one, 't would amuse, to him.

His frenzy wrought up by a single glass,  
No Typhoness could rival or surpass.  
Like her inspired, but not to be a seer,  
His taste was to enact the charioteer.  
To prove his skill, therefore, the space around  
The tavern signpost was his chosen ground :  
The problem this—the smallest eircle yet  
That he could safely run and not upset.  
Jim mounts his wagon—starts his nimble horse  
And darts like lightning on his whirling course.  
Round after round as fiercely he careers,  
With lessening radius, he the centre nears ;  
Nearer and nearer still, with mad control,  
He sweeps his circles closer to the goal,  
Till his cramp'd gear is capsized with a hitch  
And Jim and horse are lumber'l in the ditch.  
How the spectators cheer'd—the rowdies roar'd—  
And Jim's enactment, how it was encored !  
This was a feat in which he used to exult  
And oft enacted with a like result.  
Jim's sad experience, one town-meeting night,  
Proves him a most ill-star'd and luckless wight.  
Now Jim when sober was a right good fellow,  
But a fell demon when a little mellow.  
So on that night, he, following his bent,  
With all the freaks a madman could invent,  
Raised such a turmoil and uproarious rout,  
That soon the cry was heard of "Turn him out."  
Four brawny hostlers seized and bore their load  
Fierce struggling, to the centre of the road,

Where was a horse pond charged with mud and snow,  
(Let drunkards thank their stars for pavements now.)  
In which they plunged him headlong and outright—  
Jim sunk a moment, then emerged to sight.  
Standing in mud and water to his armpits,  
What wonder if he experienced some alarm fits.  
Not Atlas show'd, upon his mount of snows,  
Hair so bedizzled, so bedropped his nose ;  
Not Thetis rising from the stormy sea,  
Looked half so dripping and so drench'd as he.  
With terror and astonishment made dumb,  
Jim really thought his reckoning had come ;  
But when he heard their taunts, their scoffs and jeers—  
Sounds quite familiar, to his practised ears,  
He made a desperate rush to gain the shore ;  
But how could one withstand the power of four ?  
Hurl'd back again into the wintry flood,  
Jim took a second bath of snow and mud.  
Though down, his blood was up, and up again  
He rose, “to die or do” with might and main.  
But after battling long and getting more  
Of plungings and of soughings than a score,  
Jim, passive in the mud, said, ruefully,  
“I'm whipped, that's certain, and laid out to dry.”  
Of his submission then to show the proof,  
He begged for quarters and they let him off.  
What doctors fail to do, cold water can,  
For Jim reform'd, became a sober man.  
Ye tipplers all forsake the drunkard's path  
Less worse betide you than a water bath.

From Main to Church street as we northward go  
East side, once stood the painter's studio—  
None knew his history and many deem'd  
His rank superior to what it seem'd ;  
No anchorite or hermit of the glen  
Show'd less than he of sympathy with men ;  
Though in life's intercourse to many known,  
'T was his no kindred tie no friend to own ;  
Some moral taint, t 'was thought, in secret pray'd,  
That of his blighted heart a ruin made ;  
'T was here when young we gain'd in whole or part  
Our first impressions of the mimic art ;  
Our Rembrant, like most folks from Yankee land,  
To more than one branch prompt could turn his hand ;  
From plain house painting, he could range, be sure,  
At will, to portrait, landscape, miniature ;  
A sign-board, coach or sleigh he painted well,  
And even in landscape he was thought to excel ;  
But such achievements were beneath his aim,  
On portraits he aspired to build his fame ;  
When casual visitors sought his studio,  
To view his paintings, gaily placed for show,  
A critical remark or fault express'd,  
Most commonly stir'd up a hornet's nest ;—  
Painters like poets, so the world agree,  
Are of the *genus irritabile* ;  
And ever ready on the least pretence  
Of critical remark to take offence.  
Thus when we ask'd, in miscellaneous chat,  
Whose is this portrait now, and whose is that ?

With choler choking and with flashing eyes,  
What, don't you know your neighbors? he replies;  
You must be very stupid—very dull,  
Why this is Thompson's, that is Smith's, numbskull.  
It seems that you don't know or else forget  
That all these portraits are unfinished yet;  
That after all the labor I bestow  
'Tis the last touches must the likeness show.  
Yet from our after knowledge, well we wat,  
His portraits their last touches never got.  
Peace to his ashes—with no thought of wrong  
We give this sketch—one incident among  
Others, which to relate, a glimpse may show  
Of this community, an age ago.

The north-west angle made by market street  
And Main, where now as then they cross or meet;  
Where now the crowded mart of business shows,  
The village church, a modest structure, rose.  
Clad in the simple garniture of white—  
Symbol of purity, it met the sight.  
(Yet in its age, it look'd antique and quaint,  
All weather-worn and innocent of paint,)  
Without, within, 't was simple, neat and plain,  
No costly carpets, Brussels or Ingrain,  
No astral lamps to shed their dreamy light,  
No burnish'd chandeliers to blank the sight;  
No music of the organ to aspire  
With its o'er-mastering tones to drown the choir;  
Such then unknown—or known, were not allow'd;  
The worshippers were humble and not proud.

No stoves were used in church, or furnaces,  
Of genial warmth to temper the degrees.  
Of fire no need, from cold they felt no harm,  
Whose faith was ardent and whose hearts were warm.  
The use of stoves, in time, at length instal'd  
Some, innovation, some, improvement call'd.  
On rickety supporters, four feet high,  
They placed them, both to warm the gallery,  
And by a downward current to diffuse  
All needed warmth and comfort to the pews.  
Though right in many things, herein we see,  
They were not posted in philosophy.  
But Time, the solver of all mysteries  
Taught, heated air sinks not, but tends to rise.  
This theory at length, when proven true,  
Brought down the radiators to the pew.  
The attentive group that throng'd the house of prayer  
Weekly to mingle in devotion there,  
Whose very forms, whose features varied play,  
Seem present as the visions of to-day ;  
The reverend sire of years and honors full  
The active, strong, the young, the beautiful,  
After a lapse of less than forty years  
Where are the many ? ask their sepulchres.  
Their standard-bearer where, who led the van,  
The eloquent, the accomplished Silliman ? (*e*)  
“A bright particular star” whose morning ray  
Alas ! paled all too soon in Heaven's own day.  
And Wood, with perfect form of finest mould, (*f*)  
Whose classic features eloquently told,

With the rare gracie that love and honor win  
Of the superior soul that reign'd within.  
Gifted with native powers of eloquenee,  
Yet unambitious and without pretencee.  
And able with the loftiest to compeer,  
He chose his mission in a hambler sphere.  
And while his labors knew no interval  
While valued, honor'd and beloved of all,  
Sudden, mysterious, all before his time,  
He fell, death-stricken, in his manly prime.  
And he we next record, of kindred name, (g)  
A mind of energy, a heart of flame ;  
By Nature form'd for mastery and rule,  
Of purpose resolute, in judgment cool,  
Unknown the truth to compromise or hide,  
No timid follower but opinion's guide ;  
He wrought a work on morals and on mind,  
A legacy that few have left behind.  
A fervid eloquenee a tireless zeal,  
A heart inspired to sympathise and feel  
For man's best interests, toils induced, at length  
Blasting his health and withering his strength,  
More genial climes, by duty led to try,  
For aid remedial, yet resign'd to die.  
The law that doom'd to death was soon repeal'd,  
And he that made the wound in merey heal'd.  
More arduous labors in a wider sphere,  
Now signalize his prosperous career.  
And Koontz, in early manhood's flush and bloom, (h)  
Came to exchange his labors for a tomb ;

His work scarce enter'd on, so much desir'd,  
Sudden he fell and in his strength expired.

Of those the Hurs and Aaron's pass'd away,  
Firm pillars once to strengthen and upstay,  
Clizbe, the veteran pioneer we name, (*i*)  
The first in virtues, as the first in fame.  
With mind to comprehend and heart to feel  
For every interest of human weal ;  
Knowing the social structure, well to place,  
Religion is the true and only base ;  
On such foundation deep and broad to build  
He labored, till he saw his hopes fulfill'd.  
Through all his pilgrimage he toil'd and ear'd  
The work to beautify, in which he shar'd ;  
And free bestowed to foster its affairs,  
His influence, means, his counsels and his prayers.  
Till changed, the good man cheerful met his doom,  
Belov'd in life, lamented in the tomb.  
Blest is the memory of the Christian sage,  
Thrice blest, not only to his lineage.  
But to the world, a rich, enduring heritage.  
Yet minor interests were not less pursued  
And cherish'd to advance the publick good ;  
And chief among them all the healing art  
Has merited and held an honor'd part ;  
Physicians skillful, faithful to their trust,  
In each relation honorable and just,  
Whose ready art from languishment and pain  
Has oft relieved and health assured again ;

Friends of our lives, your skill prolong'd, to you,  
We pay the gratitude and homage due ;  
From open praise the living are debar'd—  
Be conscious merit then your best reward.

The grateful muse rejoices to recall  
Those most endear'd remembrances of all,  
Those times of primitive simplicity.  
When minds and hearts were fashion'd to agree,  
When grades of caste and classes were unknown,  
For all were equals of one class alone :  
When in their social gatherings you'd see  
But the re-union of one family :  
Sincere in friendship without guile or art,  
Their words were truthful heralds of the heart ;  
To others' interests faithful as their own,  
Quarrels and strifes to them were scarcely known.  
In these domestic circles which enshrin'd  
The choicest treasures, both of heart and mind,  
'T was ours to mingle and to feel the force  
Of cultured and improving intercourse ;  
Within their homes our early years to spend,  
Welcomed as brother, son or valued friend ;  
And feel the influence wrought upon our youth,  
Still bind to honor and the love of truth ;  
Those hallowed scenes shall never be effaced,  
But bright oases shine through memory's waste.  
And one Benevolæ, of humble name, (j)  
Fain would the muse her merits give to fame ;  
To fashion's polished circles all unknown,  
In life's sequester'd walks, her course she run.

Though for her household faithfully she eared,  
Friends, kindred, neighbors, all, her goodness shared ;  
When sickness harrass'd, she, the couch beside,  
Nurse or physician, each or both supplied ;  
Prompt at the cries of suffering to attend,  
All felt and claim'd her as the general friend.  
From such a ministry of fifty years,  
To this community what good inheres,  
And what to her is due of multiplied arrears ?  
Now old, infirm and sinking to the grave,  
She needs the faithful ministry she gave.  
O, grateful then return the service due—  
Forget her not, for she remember'd you.  
Sweet to revolve again the golden hours,  
When young and ardent we essay'd our powers  
To rival to surpass or emulate  
Our fellows in the arena of debate.  
Life most of interest most of pleasure finds  
In the fraternity of kindred minds.  
And thus in friendly rivalry we strove,  
Our power and skill in argument to prove ;  
Now victors and now vanquish'd, till at length,  
Minds form'd for mastery, here learn'd their strength.  
For men of lofty place and character,  
Their first developments experienced here.  
To cite the arguments, to dwell upon  
The merits of debate, who lost, who won,  
Or who by deeds of argumental strife,  
Presaged their own renown in future life,  
Is not our aim ; but simply to recal  
That scene of life, the happiest of all ;

That time of first endeavor when we wrought  
To train the reason, to develop thought,  
And form'd the indissoluble tie that binds  
In lasting fellowship, congenial minds,  
One, an occasional, welcome visitor,  
Clizbe should have a grateful record here.  
To crown our gatherings and to give them zest,  
'T was only needful he should be a guest.  
In every sense he was our model man,  
The elegant, the accomplish'd gentleman;  
In manners winning, affable, polite,  
And everywhere the general favorite,  
And yet of cultured powers and tastes refined,  
In liberal science train'd and disciplined.  
Of genius versatile, discursive, strong,  
Affluent of thought and eloquent of tongue.  
Of knowledge ample, various, diffuse,  
Free of bestowal, prodigal of use,  
His presence charm'd, his converse wiser made,  
Whether 't was reason ruled or fancy play'd.  
O, noble, generous spirit, all too soon,  
Thy life of sunshine ended at midnoon,  
And yet its light diffused is beaming still;  
In many a heart it glows, unquenchable.  
  
Sweet is the view of mountain, vale or stream  
Where forests grow, flocks stray and waters gleam;  
Pleasant to roam by Mohawk's pebbly side,  
Bathe in its flood or o'er its waters glide;  
But more romantic and more arduous still,  
Threading its rocky channel up the hill,

And onward following its winding course,  
To trace the Chuetanunda to its source; (*k*)  
Oft we essay'd it and as oft cav'd in:  
Some Parke or Lander yet the prize must win.  
Whether with wintry floods thy channel roars,  
Or, parch'd with drought, no murmur wakes thy shores,  
Whether at times, thou choosest to enact,  
Niagara's thundering, headlong cataract,  
Or thy coy waters shrinking from the day,  
In darkness faintly murmuring, steal away;  
Hail, Chuetanunda, wild Protean stream,  
The poet's welcome and inspiring theme!  
Thou symbolizest life in every stage,  
In every change from infancy to age;  
Neighboring its source thy tiny rill is seen  
A thread of silver in a web of green;  
Now 'neath the matted grass we mark its flow  
Where ranker growth and deeper verdure show;  
Now stealing from obscurity to-day,  
Its lapsing, infant waters, prattling stray.  
By kindred rills augmented, now it flows,  
Sparkling and jubilant as childhood shows;  
In youthful vigor now, with urgent force,  
Broader and deeper it impels its course,  
Whether the headlong cataract to spring  
Or flow, discursively meandering,  
Now representing manhood's strength and years,  
Bold, forceful and resistless it careers;  
Now spread abroad, its silent waters rest,  
With Heaven's own image mirror'd in its breast;

Now lapsing as with age and passive all  
Its rushing floods are hurried to their fall,  
And plunging madly down and wildly tost,  
In Mohawk's bosom are engulf'd and lost.  
O, stream, thy music all devoid of art,  
Thrills through the chords of many a conscious heart,  
Restores the vanish'd scenes of buried years  
Till in its freshness all the past appears ;  
And vision'd forms of those we loved, are seen  
Moving before us as in life they'd been.  
O, stream, thy voices swell'd the lullaby,  
That sooth'd us in our helpless infancy ;  
Our gleeful childhoed, in its merry round,  
Rejoiced in their monotony of sound ;  
And youth and manhood are alike beguil'd,  
With the familiar notes that pleased the child ;  
Even at our earliest and our latest breath,  
They hymn our birth and requiem our death.  
O, scenes forever loved, forever dear !  
O, memories that clustering mingle here !  
O, halcyon days of youth, with hopes elate,  
And joys that promised a perennial date ;  
O, for a season re-assert your reign ;  
Come and beguile us with your dreams again.  
They come : the strong, the brave, the ardent, full  
Of youth's high hopes—the young, the beautiful,  
In life's primeval freshness to renew  
Love's sever'd chain and friendship's broken clew.  
We greet their coming, and with them we move  
In sweet companionship again to prove

The loved re-unions and the fit discourse  
Of a refined and cultured intercourse ;  
The manners bland the studied courtesy  
To win the approving glance of beauty's eye ;  
The strife of wit, a rival to outpeer  
In beauty's nice appreciating ear ;  
The excursions to augment our gather'd store  
Of Geologic or Botanic lore ,  
The rides, the promenades, the adventurous rove,  
Toil's intervals, to friendship given and love ;  
The pause to dwell upon the landscape's charms  
And study Nature in her varied forms :  
The kindling glance that thrill'd from heart to heart  
Blending two souls in one, no more to part ;  
These more than these to raptured fancy beam,  
And are they real ? are they but a dream ?  
Lo, in that brilliant lighted mansion fair  
A throng of cheerful guests are gather'd there ;  
With their attendants, the affianced stand  
Midmost, to bind the hymeneal band ;  
Youth, beauty, wealth are there and fashion's sheen,  
To celebrate and crown the nuptial scene.  
The rite perform'd—from all assembled there,  
Warm gratulations greet the wedded pair,  
With the fond wish their future years may bring  
Of joy a flowing and perennial spring.  
Yet of the brilliant throng assembled there,  
Where are the strong, the brave, the gay, the fair ?  
Where are the twain, in youth and beauty's pride,  
Supporting there, the bridegroom and the bride ?

Deep in the river's bed and ocean caves,  
Their spirits call us to their watery graves.  
Of manly beauty and a manly form,  
Of nature kind and true—affections warm,  
Of powers adapted to a middle course,  
And fashioned more for elegance than force ;  
Of courtly manners and a polished mind  
Of tastes for social intercourse refined ;  
While in the midst of active life he moved,  
By fortune favor'd and by all approved,  
Anguished we saw our early, life long friend  
Woodruff untimely to the grave descend : (*l*)  
And Vedder ; not the marble's chissel'd grace (*m*)  
Could emulate her matchless form and face ;  
Whose gorgeous beauty caused to pale away  
All lesser lights beneath its dazzling ray ;  
And yet whose mind a brilliant gem was found  
Worthy the casket that enclosed it round ;  
With her what joys expired, what hopes were cross'd,  
Vedder, the beautiful the loved, the lost !  
And where is he, that bold aspiring one  
Whose eagle-eyed ambition mock'd the sun ;  
Whose genius scorning on the earth to creep  
Essayed the towering cliff and giddy steep,  
Till on the topmost height he rose to stand,  
Compeering with the mighty of the land ?  
Hill, whom the muses mourn and genius weeps, (*n*)  
Whose fame shall live while time its cycle sweeps.  
And Reid, the type of gentleness—of mild (*o*)  
Ingenuous nature—artless as a child ;

Whose sylph-like form and fine wrought Grecian face,  
Embodyed all of loveliness and graee ;  
Whose affluent gifts of person and of mind  
Were all in meetest harmony combined ;  
One of those rare and radiant beings, found  
In poets dreams, but scarce on earthly ground ;  
Whose spirits too refined to dwell with clay,  
Just touch the world then heavenward wing away.  
O where is she ? Stiles, Warring, Waters all, (p)  
Who with their presence graced that nuptial hall ;  
Time, life, joy, grief and death, O why should men  
Extend their views to three score years and ten ;  
When all that friendship, all that love endears  
Is whelm'd amid the wreck of thirty years :  
As Ocean in its dark unfathom'd eaves,  
Holds myriads entomb'd in watery graves,  
And with wreck'd navies strown, its bottom hides,  
Yet rolls rejoicing its unconscious tides ;  
Thus tho' o'er hosts ingulf'd time's waters close,  
Sparkling and jubilant its current flows ;  
And life, tho' we deplore the loved ones gone,  
Deeper and broader proudly surges on :  
Young, ardent, bold, intent on high emprise,  
Lo, thronging multitudes around us rise !  
And bloom and beauty crown each smiling scene,  
As if decay and death had never been.  
Even so, in thee, we mark no traece at all  
Of slow increase, of progress gradual,  
But perfect growth and strength, mature, tho' young,  
As Pallas-like to instant being sprung.

Hail lovely village ! in thy growth we see  
The signal tokens of prosperity.  
Fair on thy hills and in thy valleys rise  
The monuments of skillful enterprise.  
Arts, manufactures, trades establish'd here  
Marshal'd thee on thy prosperous career ;  
Cauals and railroads next enlarged thy range  
For commercee, merchandize and free exchange ;  
And gave all safe and cheap facilities  
Equal to those a city mart supplies.  
Of those who earlier, those who later strove  
Successfully, thy interests to improve,  
Who dead, yet for their worthy deeds are famed,  
Waters, Reid, Arnold, Sanford must be named ; (q)  
To living worth, no monument we raise,  
The tomb alone can sanctify our praise.  
Blest with the good material riches own,  
A better wealth thy destiny has won ;  
Science of every grade its blessings showers  
From A. B. C., to Academic bowers ;  
Four beauteous temples to religion rise  
Upon whose alters all may sacrifice.  
Studding thy spacious streets on every hand  
Majestic piles and model structures stand,  
And o'er the contour of thy beauteous whole,  
Art, weding nature, chastens its control ;  
Yet in thy dwellers more to please we see,  
A worthy brotherhood in unity.  
And noted above others to excel  
In order, morals and sound principle ;

With public spirit liberally endow'd  
And active to promote the general good ;  
Lovers of freedom, disciplined and taught  
To hold " free speech, free action and free thought "  
A priceless boon and heritage designed  
Not for themselves alone but all mankind.  
Such then thy ornaments, thy jewels are,  
Though thou art lovely, these are lovelier far.  
Ye favored dwellers, though you live among  
Seenes all unknown to fame and all unsung,  
Yet lovelier landscapes and far brighter skies  
Are yours, than Grecia's boast or Italy's.  
Breathing an atmosphere whose gales are health,  
Treading a soil whose ownership is wealth,  
The ways of fortune skillfully pursued  
You win its highest prize—material good ;  
But mammon worship enters not the plan  
That constitutes and forms the model man.  
Of lordly wealth possess'd and still to crave,  
Is both to be a tyrant and a slave ;  
Our real wealth consists in what we give,  
Not in what we possess or may receive ;  
If riches then increase and multiply,  
Confine them not, but give them wings to fly ;  
That while they scatter good to all around,  
You still may prosper more, and more abound ;  
This shall your natures liberally imbue,  
With all that's manly, generous, good and true ;  
Yours be the purpose, in whatever sphere,  
To make men wiser, better, happier ;

Not only for your friends' and country's good,  
But toil for man—the general brotherhood :  
Thus shall your generous aims expanding here,  
Embrace the circling world within their sphere ;  
And realize God's providential plan,  
As, being men yourselves—to feel for man.  
Like pebbles dropped in ocean, worthy deeds  
Impelling all as wave on wave succeeds,  
With widening and expanding circles roll,  
Until their influence permeates the whole.  
Then labor, vice and ignorance to remove,  
To culture virtue, knowledge to improve ;  
And in your country's fame and honors won,  
Rejoice to find the general good your own.  
Yea vindicate our land from slavery's thrall  
Till from each fetter'd limb the shackles fall ;  
And speed the ear of liberty to roll,  
From Alps to Ghauts, from Ganges to the pole ;  
Till throned oppression from its power is hurled  
And thine area, Freedom, is the world.

## N O T E S .

---

(a) MOHAWK RIVER.—The Mohawk river takes its rise in the County of Oneida, runs easterly the distance of two hundred miles, and after passing over the Cohoes falls, divides into four sprouts, and so empties into the Hudson. Its valley constitutes one of the great thoroughfares of the country, being traversed by the Erie Canal, the Central Railroad and a Telegraph line.

(b) GUY PARK.—Now owned and occupied by James Stewart Esq., is situated on the North bank of the Mohawk, one mile west of the village of Amsterdam. It was built by Sir William Johnson, for his son-in-law, Col. Guy Johnson, who succeeded Sir William as Indian Agent, and resided there till the events of the Revolution compelled him to seek a refuge in Canada.

Fort Johnson, a stone edifice, two miles further west, was built by Sir William Johnson about the year 1740, and occupied by him, till he erected the "Hall" at what he designated "Mt. Johnson," near the present village of Johnstown, which was his home for several of the last years of his life. Sir John Johnson succeeded him at the Fort. Both edifices are still in good condition, retaining most of the original form and finish. What was really "the fort" however, stood on the hill near the mansion, but was long ago demolished.

(c) AMSTERDAM.—The village of Amsterdam, situated on the north bank of the Mohawk, fifteen miles west of Schenectady, was, at the beginning of the present century, called Veddersburgh. Albert Vedder having located here and built a grist mill on the site now occupied by the flouring mill of Miller & Grant. His sons Harmanus and Nicholas were afterwards, prominent inhabitants. There was also a tavern near the site of Chasse's iron works. A store was soon after built by Mr. Thomas, and opposite to it, near Dr. Pulling's present residence, a church was built for the Presbyterian Congregation, of which Mr. Ten Eyck was pastor. In 1805 a tavern was

built, where the Academy now stands, and soon afterwards the store passed into the hands of Reid & Arnold, and a fresh impulse was given to trade. It had a slow but steady advancement, with an occasional improvement on its fine water power, but was not incorporated as a village till 1830. The old covered six-horse wagons that whitened the turnpike, and made the taverns the greatest institutions in the valley, passed away with the opening of the canal and railway, and the forms of business and society were changed, to some extent, by the new order of things.

The business and growth of the place have advanced more during the last ten years than in any former decade, and the prospect of increase, especially in its manufacturing interests, was never fairer than at the present time. The Chuetanunda creek, which comes down from the northern hills with a fall of several hundred feet, offers its power to the manufacturer's wheel at frequent intervals through the last mile of its downward course into the Mohawk. Its present population is about 3,000.

(D) DEGRAFF.—The DeGraffs settled in this region over sixty years ago. They were numerous and respectable. The most noted of the name was Emanuel E. DeGraff Esq., who lived two miles east of the village.

MARSELIS.—Naming Marselis settled near Maany's corners, in 1800. Gabriel Manny lived near where the church now stands, and Joseph Hagaman lived at the falls, father north. Their first care was to have religious worship. After visiting different localities, they decided on the place to build a church, and these six-men knelt down on the ground, and in humble prayer, the place was consecrated to God. Mr. Marselis was all through his life a firm adherent to the faith he had adopted, and a liberal supporter of the gospel. After a life of devotion to the master, he was called away into rest, April 17th 1854, aged 80 years. His widow still survives in her 84th year.

VANDERVEER.—The Vanderveers are the descendants of John Vanderveer, who, for more than half a century, was an inhabitant of the town of Florida. One of his sons, Tunis I. Vanderveer Esq., a man of wealth and influence, is a resident of this village. John Watts Vanderveer, lawyer, a descendant, lives at Fonda.

REV. CONRAD TEN EYCK.—Rev. Conrad Ten Eyck, was pastor of the village church, for a few years, near the beginning of the present century. He afterwards moved to Owasco, Cayuga county, where he died, having labored many years in the ministry.

**TUE GROATS.**—Philip Groat of Schenectady, bought a tract of land on the north side of the Mohawk, twelve miles west of that city, in 1712. Four years after, when on his way with his family, to locate on his farm, he was drowned in the attempt to cross the river on the ice. His widow with five children settled at the point now occupied by Swart's Mill, and the farm has been in the constant undisputed possession of the Groat family, down to the present time. Lewis, a son of Philip, erected a grist mill, which for many years did the grinding for all the inhabitants between Schenectady and the German Flats. In 1756 this Lewis Groat, while sheltered from a shower of rain under an oak tree, near the road, was taken by four Indians, carried to Canada, and kept four years in captivity; his family in the meantime, knowing nothing of his fate. His grandson, Jeremiah Groat, born in 1805, is the present owner and occupant of the old Homestead."

**OSTERHOUT.**—An early settler and a noted innkeeper.

(e) **SILLIMAN.**—Rev. Ebenezer H. Silliman was settled over the church at Amsterdam in 1813, and though not spared to labor with this people quite three years, he left with them the testimony of a faithful and successful ministry, and died a triumphant death in October 1815, in the 33d year of his age.

(f) **REV. HALSEY A. WOOD.**—The Rev. Halsey A. Wood was born at Ballston in the year 1793, was educated at Union College, Schenectady, and at Princeton Theological Seminary. He was called to the pastorate in the year 1815, and died in the year 1825, in the 33d year of his age, and the tenth of his ministry. Rich spiritual blessings descended on the church during these years, one hundred and thirty being added on profession of their faith, in 1820.

(g) **THE REV. JAMES WOOD.**—The Rev. James Wood was born in Greenfield, Saratoga county, in the year 1801, was educated at Union College, and at Princeton Theological Seminary. He was settled in the ministry at Amsterdam in the year 1826, in which he continued until the year 1833, when through the failure of his health he resigned the pastoral office. Having been engaged for several years in important agencies in behalf of various benevolent objects, he at length recovered his health. He is now president of the Hanover College, Indiana.

(h) **REV. HUGH M. KOONTZ.**—The Rev. Hugh M. Koontz of Pennsylvania, was educated at Washington College, was settled for a while at Philadelphia, was called to the church at

Amsterdam in the year 1834, and after a pastorate of less than three years, he died in the year 1836 in the 33d year of his age.

(i) DEACON JOSEPH CLIZBE.—A native of Newark, N. J., was trained up under the religious instructions of Dr. McWhorter. He became an inhabitant of the town sixty years ago. The prominent traits of his character are summed up in the poem, and the same may be said of his son Ira Clizbe, Esq., mentioned in another part of the poem, who was bred to the law, and practised his profession for several years, in the city of New York. He died some fifteen years since at Owego, holding at the time of his death, the office of Judge of Tioga Co. Darius and Ellis the other sons of Joseph, live in Amsterdam. Ellis Clizbe Esq., occupies the homestead, one and a half mile north of the village. He is a man of vigorous intellect, cultivated and matured by study and reflection. His views in regard to our civil and religious duties and responsibilities are far in advance of the average sentiment. But the world must soon be led to occupy his stand point, if it is destined to make progress in the right direction.

(j) MRS. NANCY SAMPLE.

(k) The Chuetanunda takes its rise in the northern part of the town, and running south through the village of Amsterdam, empties into the Mohawk. Another similar stream comes in from the opposite side. Hence the name, which signifies in the Indian language "Twin Sisters."

(l) SAMUEL M. WOODRUFF was born in Charlton, Saratoga county, educated at Union College, studied law with Knight & Reynolds, at Amsterdam, became a law partner of Marcus T. Reynolds at Albany, practised his profession for several years in the city of New York, and was lost on board the ship Arctic.

(m) Miss EMILY VEDDER, afterwards the wife of Charles Bartlett Esq., Principal of the Poughkeepsie Collegiate Institute, perished on board the steamer Henry Clay, on its passage to New York.

(n) NICHOLAS HILL Esq., whose name and reputation are too widely known to require any record here.

(o) Miss MINERVA REID, Daughter of Wm. Reid Esq., merchant of this village, afterwards married to the Rev. Meritt Bates.

(p) Miss CLARISSA STILES, daughter of Barney Stiles, Esq., married B. V. S. Vedder Esq., of Schenectady.

Miss REBECCA WARRING, daughter of Jeremiah Warring, Esq., subsequently became the wife of Harvey Bell, merchant of Amsterdam.

Miss LOUISA WATERS daughter of Andreas Waters, Esq., afterwards married to Peter M. Borst, merchant of Amsterdam.

(e) ANDREAS WATERS, with his brother Salmon, established themselves in the scythe and axe making business, about the beginning of the present century. They were men of enterprise and energy and contributed largely to the growth and prosperity of the village.

WILLIAM REID and BENEDICT ARNOLD were among our oldest and most successful merchants. Mr. Reid was a man of quiet, unassuming manners and gained a high character for integrity and moral worth. Few men have contributed more to the secular and religious interests of the community than Gen. Benedict Arnold. The estimation in which he was held by his fellow citizens is seen in the various ports of honor and trust, both civil and military, which he was called to occupy.

JOHN SANFORD, Esq., will long be remembered as a most efficient promoter of the mercantile and manufacturing interests of this community. A residence of a few years having rendered his merits conspicuous, he was chosen a representative in Congress and he was afterwards elected State Senator, but the crown of his life, like that of Gen. Arnold, was his becoming a consistent and humble christiani.

## APPENDIX.

A few appended statistics, showing Amsterdam as it now is —its surface-life, with the present actors in the busy scenes, whether toiling in the departments of mind or matter, in commercial pursuits or in the various arts, may not be inappropriate in connection with the preceding Poem, which refers chiefly to the Amsterdam of other days, yet chronicles its advancement, dwells somewhat on its present scenes, and looks forward with hopeful eye into the future.

If all that remain residents here, of those who constituted the inhabitants of this village, thirty years ago, were gathered into one assembly, we believe it would be found a very worthy company, but it would not be very numerous. Probably much the greater part have either gone to reside in other localities, or have become dwellers in that land, unknown by mortals, on the other side of death's cold river. We come and pass away, like the passengers in a crowded thoroughfare; and though the throng is constant, the people of to-day are not the same as those of yesterday. A succession of travelers, arriving and departing, people earth's changing cities.

A succession of fires, from 1853 to 1856, burned over nearly the whole business part of the village, but it was promptly rebuilt, in a much more enduring manner and in better style, so that the buildings in the central part of Main Street will compare favorably at the present time, with the stores and shops of any other country village.

VILLAGE OF AMSTERDAM,  
May 1, 1860.

GOVERNMENT—*President*.—Isaac Morris.

*Trustees*.—D. W. TenBrook, James H. Winne, A. W. Kline, Thomas S. Fancher, John McDonald, George Bell. C. P. Winger, Clk.

*Assessors*.—H. S. McElwain, Geo. Warnick, F. T. B. Sammons.

*Collector*.—E. Wadsworth. *Treasurer*.—George O. Warring.

*Clergymen*.—A. L. Chapin, P., J. Fitzpatrick, C., M. S. Goodale, P., J. A. Robinson, E., R. H. Robinson, M., R. Winegar, B.

*Schools*.—*Academy*.—E. O. Hovey, Principal; A. J. Robb, Mathematics; J. S. P. Grant, Music; Miss A. M. Parmelee, Preceptress.

*Public Schools*.—Dist. No. 8.—Jas. Hart, Principal, Miss A. Shoots, Assistant. Board of Ed.—Isaac Morris, Pres; D. D. Brown, Clk; H. T. VanNest, J. V. Marselis, W. Sweet, F. T. B. Sammons. Dist. No. 11.—A. W. Cox, Principal, Miss E. Settle, Assistant. Board of Ed.—X. Haywood, Pres; J. McDonnell, Clk, L. Y. Gardiner, W. Moody, J. McDonald, W. K. Greene, Jr., S. P. Heath, C. Devendorf, J. A. Hanson.

*Sunday Schools*.—*Superintendents*.—J. E. Hawley, P.; E. O. Hovey, B.; L. Y. Gardiner, M.; J. A. Robinson, E.

*Lawyers*.—S. Belding, Jr., D. P. Corey, P. Creighton, S. P. Heath, J. I. Radcliffe, A. Sheldon, J. L. Voorhees, C. P. Winegar.

*Physicians*.—D. L. Carroll, J. C. Crocker, C. Devendorf, A. Pulling, J. G. Snell, S. Voorhees, J. Vanderpool, J. N. White. *Dentist*.—J. C. Duell.

*MERCHANTS*.—*Dry Goods*.—Blood & Putman, Hawley, & Cady, F. E. Pinto, A. W. Kline, J. S. Crane. *Groceries*.—J. McDonnell & Co., A. V. Morris, D. McFarlan & Co., Wempple & Peck, J. J. Bassett, T. A. Fitzpatrick. *Grain and Provisions*.—George Bell. *Hardware*.—L. Y. Gardiner, J. Warring & Son, Pettit, Jackson & Co. *Clothing*.—Scott & Hewitt, F. T. B. Sammons, E. I. Purdy, L. Davis & Bros., J. D. Clute, H. Z. Bailey. *Boots and Shoes*.—C. Bartlett, U. Loucks, A. Peck, D. Hewitt. *Millinery*.—Mrs. Hubbs, Hinchman, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. DeGraff. *Watches and Jewelry*.—F. Dauth, A. Martin. *Drugs and Medicines*.—J. W. Sturtevant, H. & H. Wendell, A. Pulling, G. Bassett. *Lumber*.—A. Birch. *Coal*.—D. Lefferts, (Port Jackson). *Variety, Confectionary, &c*.—W. Connell, A. Vosburg. *Meat Markets*.—Ludden & Barber, D. W. Sturtevant.

*MANUFACTURERS*.—*Carpets*.—W. K. Greene, Jr., S. Sanford. *Linseed Oil*.—Kellogg, Miller & Co. *Shirts and Drawers*.—W. K. Green, Jr., Maxwell & Kline, J. C. Miller. *Carriage Springs*.—Delamater, Shuler & Viele. *Mowers and Reapers*

—*Mulley, VanNest & Co*, A. Marellus. *Bolts*—Bell & Marellus. *Flour and Meal*—Miller & Grant. *Skates*—W. L. Gregory. *Cigars*—F. Schutz. *Machinery, Castings, &c*—H. S. McElwain, J. M. Harvey & Son, C. Chase. *Metallic Burial Cases*—I. C. Shuler & Co. *Cabinet Ware*—I. C. Shuler, O. S. Warren. *Tinware*—L. Y. Gardiner, J. Warring & Son, Pettit, Jackson & Co., D. Mutimer. *Malt*—C. Miller, W. Lambier, D. W. TenBrook. *Soap and Candles*—Wm. Moody. *Building Materials*—J. M. Clark, S & W. Birch, A. Young, Jr. *Harness*—C. Stone, J. Close, M. C. Young. *Sleighs, Wagons, &c*—C. Colebrook, Knapp & Pierson, J. L. Young. *Marble*—S. Messenger. *Dress Making*—Miss McDonald, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Connell. *Gents' Clothing*—O. C. Baldwin, B. H. Knight. *Brooms, &c*—I. L. Bronson & Co.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—*Young Men's Christian Association*—President—Moses T. Kehoe; Vice Presidents—H. Wendell, Jas. A. Miller, J. E. Eldret; Recording Sec.—Jas. H. Bronson; Cor. Sec.—Jas. Hart; Treas—E. I. Purdy; Librarian—A. Wemple.

**PRINTING.**—*Amsterdam Recorder and Job Office*—X. Haywood, Editor and Proprietor. *Barbers*—A. Neff, A. Gilliland. *Post Office*—J. French, P. M. *Insurance*—W. B. Knox, P. Creighton, T. Stewart.

**MILITARY.**—*Amsterdam Citizens' Corps*—Jas. H. Winne, Capt.; L. Jackson, Jr., 1st Lieut.; John Stewart, 2d Lieut.

**MASONIC**—*Artizan Lodge, No. 84*—Geo. C. Bell, M.; Jas. Warring, S. W.; A. Marellus, J. W.

*Green Hill Cemetery Association*—D. W. TenBrook, Pres. J. J. Sehuylar, Vice Pres.; Samuel C. Belding, Seey.; J. W. Sturtevant, Treas.

**Hotels.**—J. Livermore, L. Bulson, H. Sample, H. Freeman.

**FIRE DEPARTMENT**—*Chief Engineer*—F. E. Pinto. *Mohawk No. 1*—Foreman, John McDonnell; Asst., Jas. Warring. *Cascade No. 2*—Foreman, John McClumphay, Jr.; Asst., J. T. Bunn.

**BANKS.**—*Farmers' Bank of Amsterdam*—Isaac Jackson, Pres.; M. Barnes, Vice Pres.; D. D. Cassidy, Cashier. *Exchange and Banking Office*—C. Miller.

**Blacksmiths.**—N. B. Shaw, A. Zeller. *News Room*—D. D. Brown. *Cooperage*—A. Smith. *Painters and Glaziers*—H. V. B. Easton, J. H. Winne, W. Hewitt, F. D. Lingenfelter. —*Photograph and Ambrotype*—Pulver & Farnham, T. Hewitt. *Gunsmith*—W. Parker.

## REMARKS.

---

The foregoing appendix is completed under the pressure of other duties, that prevented such visits to the places of business as would insure the strictest accuracy. Omissions there may be, and probably are; but they are unintentional. We think there would be no impropriety in including Port Jackson; for though distinct in their organization, the business and interests of the two places are essentially one.

In the Poem, owing to circumstances that seemed to make it necessary, some changes were made that we were not able to correct in the proper place, but can here restore the lines as intended by the author:

On page 6th, after the 10th line from top, read--

Fair mirroring on thy breast th' incumbent woods,  
Through scores of centuries' unchanging moods,

On the same page, after "As if in haste, &c.," read--

The music of their voices knows no fall,  
Aye, constant, changeless and perpetual.

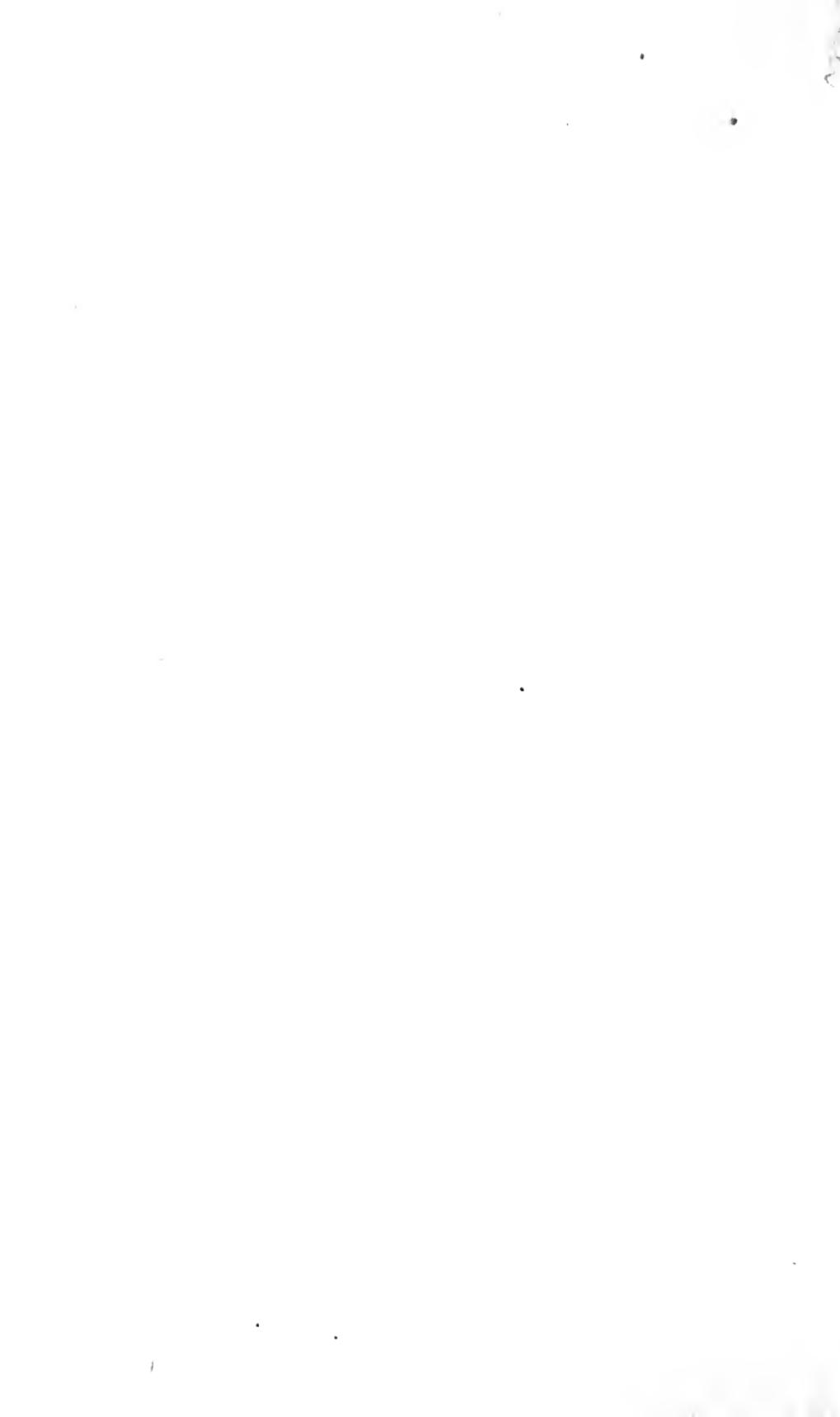
PUBLISHER.

24

# AMSTERDAM.

A POEM.

By HORACE SPRAGUE.













LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 222 073 8